THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1392.

Original Poetry.

TO ONE ALMOST FORGOTTEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY HENRY MORFORD.

One by one, the living lies and treasings
That were once for thee mine,
Have been changed by Time's revealings
As my heart has older grown.
I have laid my recollections
Where I lay forbidden things.
I have crushed my wishful affections,
Piteously, at other springs.

Months and years have rolled above me
Since my wretchedness was confessed,
Other hearts have learned to love me,
Other lips to make love pressed.
I can devotion no longer,
Friend is my goal to-day,
For the spirit has been stronger
Than the blast that swept it by.

I have thoughts that round me cluster
As the fairness of a King,
And hope knoweth where to rear her,
Fancying not a broken wing.
I have been a second star,
Where she sits with folded pinions,
Covering those who faint and labor
With a warmth that save blooms.

Until all be sleep—all be silent,
Shall recall thy face, as this
Then, in all life's fitful fever,
Am no more to be seen.
Long and calmly I have waited
For the last tones that I could see;
Then my trial was completed,
And those tones were heard no more.

It has been my heart and trial
To still endure, to patiently learn a saying for,
That, a shadow on the dial,
Hangs there for h. or many days.
Flow and form and all were painted
On the vision of my tears,
And those eyes, so deep and sainted,
Looked through many years unchanged.

Then went near me, in the shadow
Of my darkened room, at night,
Voices, not never more me. Were the shadows
Slept beneath the cabin moonlight:
Oh, how many times in vision
To rejoice them from my pain.
But to-day, in sad decision,
Looked upon me in my wrath.

Then I thought of spells unholy,
To drive all thoughts of thee away,
That was wearing melancholy
Out the last of life from me.
How could my worn heart forget thee.
Though I tried with all my might,
Ah, how could I not regret thee,
With the thought in my sight.

Not the crowned knave have mastered
To the goal I sought so long,
And a second gift is conquered
By our bygone love and wrong
That with sorrow and grieving
Farmer and still sinister by.
I'll no longer struggling with the fear of years,
That is away as you blow sky.

There set for away—I would not
Sink for the tender thing
Bury them as thought I could not,
Though they fell out of thee to the grave.
And thy memory only lingers
With the forces over that moving,
And were plucked by other fingers,
When the morn of life was young.

Original Tales.

THE ALLIANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In an elegantly furnished apartment of a hotel in one of our eastern cities, between the hours of twelve of a summer night, sat two young men, who had been remarkable for quietly, columnar and devoted friends.

The elder was a wealthy bachelor, of perhaps twenty-eight—tall, finely proportioned, and remarkably handsome, with an air distinguished, but worldly and self-satisfied; in short, an expression of natural goodness, and a smile like sudden sunlight.

The younger was a kind of amateur lawyer—a lover devoted to society than to courts—to the reading of billets more than of Blackstone—one who had more talent than profit, more friends than respectable clients, more ball-tickets than briefs.

His companion at this time, presented a stacked contrast to himself. Edward Lane, a man without property, and just entering upon the practice of his profession, was rather short in stature, with bright intellectual face, in which high and broad, highly intellectual in its mould and expression—his face was in contrast—his head high and broad, his hair dark, his eye full and soft, yet black as night. His whole form was perfectly symmetrical, and much unexpressibly tender and beautiful.

He was sitting by the table on that night, in an attitude of the profoundest grief and dejection, bending above an open letter, which was actually sprinkled with tears. His head was supported by an unemployed, and to him unconscionable, hand—a narrow white hand—and he bowed to a perusal of the letter referred to.

"Mr. Edward Lane—

"A fortunate circumstance leads me to address you upon a subject, in the story of a certain passage of your life, I desire that I may be informed, which to a short time has existed between us, be considered at an end. I trust that you will not be surprised at my resolution is unalterable. An explanation you will deserve from me, I shall not refuse you. Let the past be forgotten.

"MARGARET GREY."

When this letter arrived, Edward Lane, who adored the pure and lofty character of the writer as a great nature, with all the strength of a heart whose every pulse throbbed with truth and honor, was overwhelmed with grief and amazement, and sought his friend Gramley for consolation and counsel.

"And you say," said Gramley, walking the room with a quick, impatient tread, "that this note was written in a hotel?"

"Never was my heart so pampered in your life be heart—"

"No,—unless," added Lane, blushing painfully, "it was when I received your first love-letter."

"Offered herself to you, and got a cool 'No, I thank you?' Ha, ha, ha! Excellent! Capital! My dear fellow, this is most wanton cruelty and impunity on the part of Miss Margaret—the dress hide her, I say! Why, you poor, dear boy, what to a man! For Heaven's sake, don't sit there moping and groaning in that way, and answer me you! Pack down your heart in six, absolute sir, if you can't get it out in any other way. Come, you even manly dignity—live out your own proud years of such heartless tone-lory. Do this, and much my word, you will be the most astonished girl Margaret Grey humbled in the dust before you!"

"Humbled before me—she, in all her utmost of beauty, her divine pride, that forbid!" exclaimed Lane, springing to his feet. "Never, never here! I have ever adored that woman!"

"Adored her! Adored her you, in Hindostan, interesting young gentlemen in Siam! Adored, have I heard down to the round table! Adored, in the unctuously beautiful! What's her style?"

"Heavens, Gramley, don't talk to me of her style!—I cannot bear to speak a tone which had hung on her lips, in order to analyze it, than give you a minute description of her glorious face! I tell you she is as far as a star, and to compare—table. She seemed to me to possess all the tenderness of earth, with the holiness of Heaven—before I lost her."

"And now?"

"And now," said Lane, rising proudly, and dashing away the last tear, "that she has condemned my life, wrecked my heart with its freight of pre-

Original Poetry.
TO ONE ALMOST FORGOTTEN.
Original Tales.
THE ALLIANCE.
Our Portrait Gallery.
GENERAL PILLOW.
Original Poetry.
A VALENTINE.
TO GRACE GREENWOOD.
Original Sketch.
THE CZAR;
Original Anecdotes.
ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.
NAPOLEON EN ROUTE.
NAPOLEON AT BIVOUAC.
Romance of London.
THE LIGHT OF YOUTH.
NAPOLEON AT HALT.
Selected Articles.
"FRANCE IS FREE!"
SHAVING A WILL.

mature loss afflictions, I commence her with an eternal farewell!"

"Brave! Noel, that's the spirit. And you'll not ask an interview, nor leave to justify?"

"No, I shall receive from her letter, by the morning mail, and simply request my own. Then all will be over—the romance and poetry of this life will be past, and the 'atheism of the heart' succeed to a strong religious faith in women and love."

"Ah, my friend," replied Gramley, "you will find that such is life; and now, will you pardon me when I say that I am not, on the whole, surprised by this termination of your affair de cœur. You are a genius, a scholar and an honorable gentleman, but you want the one thing needful—adequate knowledge of woman's nature. They may talk of the delicate intuitions of the poet, but I say that the experience of the man of the world are a thousand times more effective. You give woman a deferential homage, when an assured, even an evergrave manner, would serve you better. Then you are earnest, sincere, child-like in your transparent simplicity, and these are what you are not. Women like in some degree of artificiality, they look for something unrevealed—some incomprehensible quality of beauty, some deep hid and meaning mystery of character. Half is clear and open, though fine as the day, they soon become satisfied, wearied, disgusted."

"You, my dear fellow, in all your mental and spiritual culture, have sadly neglected the one great study of a gentleman in society—command on or to, not at a speech, but in the whole, you lacked to acquire that art of quiet superiority which first piques, then interests, and finally enthrals a woman. Then again you have been as tender and chary of your good fame as a lady's, when you should have taken it on

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia: SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1865.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We trust that the large number of our subscribers who are in account to the old firm of S. D. Patterson & Co., will see the propriety of settling up the various amounts due, as soon as possible, in order that we may close our old accounts, and adopt new movements to enlarge and beautify the Post will subject us to a large additional weekly expense, we shall be under the necessity of being more strict than heretofore in relation to punctuality in remittances. We trust our subscribers will not be offended at this, and that those whose means we are compelled to drop from our list, will not find fault with us for so doing, but will continue to cherish the old friendly feeling towards the Post, and its proprietors.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the ensuing year; as if they do not their subscribers will be taking advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prosperous sense other influential and responsible persons will be compelled to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that we contribute all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that the postage is *just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

We bespeak peculiar attention to our outside column this week. Gingerbread has a fine poem, and Helen Irving a beautiful and impassioned Valentine. "The Alliance" continues to set being over of Grace Greenwood's best stories—well conceived and excellently told. There are passages in it of more beauty.

The article on Russian Superstition is so interesting on the others of the series. The "Anecdotes of Napoleon" now first published in America, will be read by every one—for every one takes an interest in the slightest fact that relates to Europe and his marvellous fortunes.

As to the selected portions of this week's paper, we are willing to let them speak for themselves. The portrait of General Butler, for which we are indebted to Messrs. Gregg & Elliot, will be looked upon with peculiar interest by all loyal Whigs and Democrats. By the Democrats, because they know he is a great favorite of the President; and by the Whigs because he has been a prominent subject of their ridicule and misrepresentation. As to the various charges that have been made against the General, it is only fair to say, he is "entitled" journalists, to consider him innocent until he is proven to be guilty.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Just in time for this week's paper, we have received the news by the California. So far the Revolution has been successful. The nation at large has ratified the fiats of the people of Paris. Louis Philippe, his family, and obnoxious ministers, have left France—a free soul being no place for a perjured "citizen King" and his minions. The Provisional Government has been already acknowledged by England and Belgium, and will be by Spain and Switzerland—the Minister of the United States being the first to welcome the new Republic into the great family of nations.

A National Assembly is to be voted for in the early part of this month—the suffrage to be universal: to this body the Provisional Government will resign its functions. The composition of this National Assembly will enable the world to form an idea as to what amount of political discernment and sagacity exist in France. If the election-frenzy runs, discreet and wise men, all will be well—but if noisy demagogues and fiend-orators make up the majority of the Convention, it will be a proof that the people are not sufficiently enlightened for a Republican Government. Anarchy will be the first consequence, and a Constitutional Monarchy the result. For Order is the first demand of nations—the popular heart instinctively craves it, as the only safe guard against all kinds of criminal working classes.

The most important acts of the Provisional Government so far, are the following—all radical ones. The abolition of titles of nobility; the establishment of the freedom of the press, and the right of free speech; the opening of national workshops for the unemployed; the formation of the hours of labor.

All the decrees of the Republican party must be a determination not to do things by halves. They seem determined to protect France so well that it shall be impossible for the Assembly to re-establish the monarchy, even if it so wills. As to the practical ability of the new Government, the Provisional Government, there is considerable difference of opinion—but judging from their actions thus far, they are at least bold, determined, and resolute men. The single fact of their strong grasp of the reins of power as they did of the emigration movement, seems to be a guarantee of their ability. It was a movement by the metal that was on them. Odilon Barrot, the old Reform leader, who seems to have been at the head of the movement to a certain point, was unable to control the torrent of popular feeling. He proved the old adage that leader was not the Man for the Hour; either he had misestimated the people, or they had become excited him.

The decrees we have alluded to, and some others that the reader will notice in the detailed account in another column, seem to denote that ordinary as well as political matters are receiving the establishment of national workshops, the diminution of the hours of labor, &c., prove the truth of what has been asserted, that this Revolution is more the product of the working-classes, than that of 1830. And it is well known that one or two of the members of the Provisional Government have been deeply interested in the questions of the social relations of society. No wonder that Europe gazes in astonishment upon a Monarchy which presents itself under the three-fold aspect of a Political, Social, and Industrial reform—no wonder what the end of all this shall be.

As was supposed, the news of the Revolution has infected the other nations of Europe—to what degree it is as yet difficult to determine. The advance we have from the capital of Louis Maurice to the power of the people in Bavaria, is hence not by the statement that "the movement has been extended from the King of the north of the hotspur, Poor King! stripped to him to Cæsar. First, to be knocked over by a brickbat—in succession—then forced to banish his ministers, and now, last assembly, to have a ministry presented and extorted, pointed argument addressed to him, in favor of Liberty, in the shape of a bayonet at his throat. Who would be a king, now-a-days?

In France and Austria, the people seem to be in yet quiet—but whether or not it is the calm that precedes the storm, a few weeks will determine. It is generally believed in this city, that Metternich that chief agent of conspiracy in Europe, has engaged his effort. It is true, it is not believed that he constitute the people, but when things have arrived at a certain point, he will be ready to take advantage in a counter-blow, as a measure. "All is for his life"—was the cry at Paris—it may be his fate in Austria.

As was to have been expected, commercial affairs in France have been greatly deranged by the Revolution. The result of the popular outbreak could not have been exactly by the most sanguine. In England, and Europe generally, a sense of encouragement of such a result. But men had occasionally have more important business on hand than loving and selling, and the events of a special Commercial nature are few in the immense time passed by the great good. That the Revolution in France may be consummated, we are sure, the latest year project of all true American hearts.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE

The bill to prevent the employment of children under twelve years of age in the mines, passed the House by the following vote—yeas 74, nays 9. Well done, gentlemen—you have done a deed of humanity, "without distinction of party."

The bill to abolish the law against usury has been considered in the Senate by the following vote—

Yeas—Messrs Cobb, Cresswell, Dreer, Forsyth, Johnson, Armstrong, Mason, Matthias, Stout, Wherry, Wilson—11.

Nays—Messrs. Bucher, Cochran, Dunlop, Hall, Hamilton, Johnson, Low, Lowry, Lyons, Middleton, Penrose, Rutan, Sellers, Smith, Turrell, Vanderslice, Vandever, Wright, Speaker—19.

WASHINGTON'S ADVICE.

The only record that Washington ever promulgated to his life, was to George W. P. Custis, on 1799. Mr. Custis was an adopted son, and an officer of cavalry in the Revolutionary War. Washington's grasp upon pronouncing it:—"This record, my son, was never made but in a rare case, or in defence of your country."

SHORT AND SWEET.

The act of abrogation, signed by the King before leaving the Tuileries, is, it is said, exceedingly laconic, and concerned very nearly in these terms: "I abdicate in the name of the French people, in the hand of my gendarmes, the crown which I have removed from the French nation."

COTTON AND GRAIN.

Cotton has declined abroad, as well as soon by the Foreign advices; Breadstuffs are firm, with a tendency upward.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

A Boston Committee, in favor of Cheap Postage, has issued a short address on the subject, giving their reasons in favor of a reduction of the postage, together with the form of a petition to Congress. They say that within the last two years, during the partial reduction of the postage, the number of letters has increased from 35 to 60 millions. And it will be remembered that the Post Office Department, during that period, has increased in the revenue was much greater than ever before. The reduction of postage would not only lessen the cost of their own works often, and thus encourage it, but also relieve the letter carriers of much labor. We call a new mass of correspondents into existence among those who can write, but who do not now take the trouble to compose it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that we contribute all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that the postage is *just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

ASTONISHING SENTIMENT.

A piece of English folly, in the shape of a letter signed by their chief editor, has been sent to the people of this country, giving the reasons of the press. Our editors should remember that "one swallow does not make a summer," nor one foolish man always represent truly the people of England. That there is a class of the English people who cherish an absurd hatred of us, as it is with a large class of American cherish towards everything English, is true enough. But the great body of the people feel kindly towards America. Every month or two we receive a letter from a friend in England, who is in one of the Tributary members of "Christendom's Kindergarten Magazine." In an article on the Rebellion, he says, "Whatever you do, don't be ashamed of the Rebellion, the following passage occurs:—"

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James K. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Stevenson, and W. Ramsey.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, R. S. James and Robt. Barton.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAS. PIERCE, do. in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of *REDDING & Co., No. 1, State Street, Boston.* *Of ROBINSON & JONES, No. 109 Main Street, Cincinnati.* *Of MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Alabama.* *Of J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.* *Of GEO. W. NOBLE, Louisville, Ky.* *Of M. P. MORSE, Pittsburg, Pa.* *Of W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore Md.* *Of SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.* Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

New Publications.

THE BLIND.

We have received the sixteenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind. It is an exceedingly interesting document. Dr. Howe, the principal of the Asylum, in an appendix, gives some very strong proofs of the general bodily debility and consequent mental inferiority of the blind. He says:—

"By comparing the mortality among six hundred and seventeen blind persons, and among one thousand three hundred and eighty young men in college, during a period of ten years, I find that the difference is as ninety-eight to forty-four; that is to say, taking one thousand persons of each class and about the same age, and watching them through life, we shall find that when all the blind have died there will still be about half of the seeing ones ...

[...]

twisted the rope about his neck with his own hands.

Then many a woman will rouse herself to the stern duty of observance of every law of health, of abstinence from all luxury and all slothfulness, for the sake of those dear ones that may be born to her; and many a man will abandon sensual indulgence which he would have clung to through life but for fear of cursing his future offspring with hellish passions.

Then will some soar to such an exalted pitch of virtue, as to forego their dearest hopes, and resolutely keep aloof from any relations of life that might cause them to hand down bodily or mental infirmities upon the innocent ones of the coming generations.

"Then will light be thrown upon the laws of 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness' from generation to generation, and the wisdom and goodness of God be made manifest even in them.

"Then many a case of blindness, or deafness, or infirmity, instead of being looked upon as a mysterious dispensation of Providence, will be seen to be only the penalty of a violated law which was enacted in kindness and love.

"Then the love of God to men will be manifested even in afflictions, and His praise will be perfected out of disease and suffering, as well as out of health and enjoyment.

"Then it will be seen, that, if this world is a vale of tears, if it is full of deformity, and suffering, and sickness, and crime, it is man, and not God, that maketh it so."

The following are given as the best means of preventing blindness:

"The means consist in avoidance of sedentary occupations, especially those which try the eyes; great care about reading or working for a long-continued time, or by a feeble light; strict temperance in food and drink; and constant and active exercise in the open air. By these means many a one will have tolerable eye-sight at threescore years, who would otherwise have been purblind at twenty, and quite blind at thirty.

"Moreover, great good will be done, if persons having the care of the blind can be persuaded that the way to give them intellectual strength, vigor of purpose, and persevering courage, is to begin by training the body to hardihood and health."

JOHN DONKEY. The last number of this periodical is a capital one. The cuts are first rate—*cuts* indeed. But the following extracts from it will give our readers a better opinion of its humor than anything we could say:

CALOMEL AND CHOLERA.

Somebody has written "the only sensible" letter on the cholera, to the London Times, in which ...

[...]

BARBACUES.—The Grand Jury of Richland county, South Carolina, have presented the custom pursued by candidates for public offices of giving barbecues, and treating at public places. This is represented as debasing and corrupting the morals of their constituents, the community around them, and producing such a state of things as altogether to exclude "the honorable, the talented and high-minded poor man" from occupying any office of trust or honor in the district.

LOOK AT THIS.—In monarchical Great Britain, her thirty millions of people sent through the mails eleven letters each, at two cents a letter, during the year 1847, while in republican America, her twenty millions of people only sent through the mails during the same time two and a half letters each, at 5 to 10 cents a letter.

LAKE DISASTERS IN 1847.—The Cleveland Herald publishes a list of disasters to vessels on the Lakes during the last year—ninety-seven in all—and, in view of so appalling a fact, expresses a hope that it will awaken in our Representatives at Washington a proper interest in our harbor improvements.

BUSTLES.—We can imagine a bustle on the floor of Congress.—*True Sun.*

We can't exactly imagine that, but we can imagine the consternation, the intense curiosity and the significant looks such an article in such a situation would occasion.—*Dispatch.*

☞ The united length of the German railways amounts to four hundred and seventy geographical miles. In Austria, one hundred and thirty-five; and along the Upper Rhine, about sixty.

Original Essay.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

NO. V.

Sec. 3. Of Women Considered as Mothers.

Having examined what are the rights or rather the wrongs of women, considered as members of the Commonwealth, and as wives, let us now see what is their condition as mothers.

Nature has wisely implanted in women the strongest possible attachment to their offspring. Men love their children, but children are interwoven with every fibre of the female heart. The danger of her children is doubly felt by woman, every sensation, every feeling has a corresponding sensation and feeling in a mother's breast. Who has not perceived that a mother suffered more pain from apprehended danger to her son, than he ever felt? Regardless of this strong attachment, the law tears ...

[...]

THE ORIGINAL OFFER.

By the letter of instructions sent by Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Slidell, before the breaking out of the war, he was directed to offer for the boundary of the Rio Grande, the assumption by the United States of the debt due our citizens from Mexico. For the balance of New Mexico, $5,000,000. For do. do. with a line due West to the Pacific, so as to give us the Bay of San Francisco, $20,000,000. For do. do. if run so as to give us also Californian Monterey, $25,000,000.

A SHIPWRECK.

The British brig Barbara, in attempting to reach St. Johns., N. F., mistook the land and drifting into a cove, went ashore, and on account of the heavy surf struck a cliff, and stove a hole in the vessel's bow.

Thirty-five individuals managed to reach the shore; and in about five minutes after, the Barbara fell over and went down, carrying with her *about one hundred and fifteen souls, among whom was Capt. Skinner of the B.*

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 21st, Mr. Hale presented several abolition petitions—among them one signed by citizens of Pennsylvania, praying for an immediate and peaceful dissolution of the Union. On all these the question of reception was raised, and the petition laid on the table.

On motion, it was ordered that 1,500 copies of Henry A. Wise's correspondence relative to the slave trade, be published for the use of the Senate.

Mr. Badger offered an amendment to strike out the appropriation for the mission to Rome.

[There was an error in the Congressional reports last week. Mr. Benton's amendment to substitute a Minister Plenipotentiary for a Charge to the Italian States was *rejected*—instead of being adopted. The vote stood, ayes 13, nays 28.]

In the course of the debate that ensued, Mr. Foote alluded to a refusal made by Mr. Badger, to yield the floor to him while speaking, and desired to know whether any personal insult was meant.

Mr. Badger replied that he did not intend the least indignity, but as he was at the time answering the argument of another Senator, he did not see how any inquiry the Senator from Mississippi might have to propound could enlighten him on the subject.

The question was then taken on Mr. Badger's amendment, and decided in the negative.

Mr. Hannegan moved to amend the appropriation so as to substitute a Minister resident at Rome, and the yeas and nays being taken on this motion it was also decided in the negative; yeas 19, nays ...

[...]

NEW PROSPECTUS.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

TRULY A MAMMOTH SHEET.

REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, satisfied from the experience of the last two years that it is the "manifest destiny" of their paper, to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, have resolved to make the Post more worthy than ever of its high position. They accordingly now have the pleasure of calling the attention of the public to the fact, that the POST has been

GREATLY ENLARGED.

This enlargement enables them to lay the equivalent of eight more columns of reading, before their subscribers weekly—being in fact an addition of one-fourth to the old area of the paper.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ARTICLES.

Its Original Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c., shall be of the highest character. The faults of no article can be overlooked, from a foolish respect for its originality.

Its Selected Articles will be procured from first sources; and the readers of the POST may depend upon finding in its pages the best Tales, Essays, &c., that appear either in the foreign or domestic magazines. Thus laying the whole English and American world under contribution.

ENGRAVINGS.

Engravings of various kinds, *in moderation*, also shall not be forgotten. But the POST shall never be allowed to degenerate into a mere show bill, to be looked at for a moment, and then tossed to the children to play with.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our Original Contributors are the *AUTHORS OF AMERICA*. We always hold ourselves ready to purchase articles offered to us, at a price proportioned to their merits. But authors whose writings are of a ridiculously exaggerated and immoral character, may save themselves and us the trouble of sending them for examination. The Post is a family paper—*and no article not calculated to enter the family circle can be admitted into its columns.*

OUR TERMS.

The terms of the enlarged POST to single subscribers will remain the same, viz.: $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance. For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 4 years.

REDUCED TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we have concluded *to reduce our terms to clubs*, as follows:

4 COPIES,	. . . .	$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00	"
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$20.00	"

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for SIX DOLLARS.

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[...]

Selected Poetry.

A HIT AT THE TIMES.

[We commend to Louis Philippe, happily now ex-King of the French, who may find it useful to brush up his knowledge of the English language, the study of the following effusion of Moore, being one of the "Fables" published by him for the benefit of the "Holy Alliance" some thirty years ago.]

FABLE.
THE EXTINGUISHERS.
PROEM.

Though soldiers are the true supports,
The natural allies of Courts,
Woe to the Monarch who depends
Too much on his red-coated friends:
For even soldiers sometimes think—
Nay, Colonels have been known to reason,—
And reasoners, whether clad in pink,
Or red, or blue, are on the brink
(Nine cases out of ten) of treason.

Not many soldiers, I believe, are
As fond of liberty as Mina;*
Else—woe to Kings, when Freedom's fever
Once turns into a *scarlatina!*
For then—but hold—'tis best to veil
My meaning in the following tale:—

FABLE.

A lord of Persia, rich and great,
Just come into a large estate,
Was shocked to find he had for neighbors,
Close to his gate, some rascal Ghebers,†
Whose fires beneath his very nose,
In heretic combustion rose.
But lords of Persia can, no doubt,
Do what they will, so one fine morning,
He turn'd the rascal Ghebers out,
First giving a few kicks for warning.
Then, thanking Heaven most piously,
He knocked their temple to the ground,
Blessing himself for joy to see
Such pagan ruins strew'd around.
But much it vex'd my lord to find,
That, while all else obey'd his will,
The fire these Ghebers left behind—
Do what he would—kept burning still.
Fiercely he storm'd, as if his frown
Could scare the bright insurgent down;
But no—such fires are headstrong things,
And care not much for lords or kings.
Scarce could his lordship well contrive
The flashes in one place to smother,
Before—hey, presto—all alive,
They sprung up freshly in another.

At length, when, spite of prayers and damns,
'Twas found the sturdy flame defied him,
His stewards came, with low salams,
Offering, by contract, to provide him
Some large extinguishers (a plan
Much used, they said, at Ispahan,
Vienna, Petersburg—in short,
Wherever light's forbid at court)—
Machines no lord should be without,
Which would, at once, put promptly out
Fires of all kinds—from staring stark
Volcanos to the tiniest spark—
Till things slept on as dull and dark
As in a great lord's neighborhood,
'Twas right and fitting all things should.
Accordingly, some large supplies
Of these Extinguishers were furnish'd
(All of the imperial size,)
And there, in rows, stood black and burnished,
Ready, where'er a gleam but shone
Of light or fire, to be clapped on.

But ah! how lordly wisdom errs,
In trusting to extinguishers!
One day when he had left all sure,
(At least *believed* so,) dark, secure,
The flame at all its exits, entries,
Obstructed to his heart's content,
And black extinguishers, like sentries,
Placed upon every dangerous vent—
Ye gods! imagine his amaze,
His wrath, his rage, when on returning,
He found not only the old blaze,
Brisk as before, crackling and burning—
Not only new, young conflagrations,
Popping up round in various stations—
But, still more awful, strange, and dire,
The Extinguishers themselves on fire!
They, they—those trusty blind machines
His lordship had so long been praising,
As, under Providence, the means
Of keeping down all lawless blazing,
Were now themselves—alas, too true,
The shameful fact—turn'd blazers, too,
And, by a change as odd as cruel,
Instead of dampers, served for fuel!
Thus, of his only hope bereft,
"What," said the great man, "must be done?"
All that, in scrapes like this, is left
To great men is—*to cut and run.*
So run he did; while to their grounds,
The banish'd Ghebers bless'd returned
And, though their fire had broke its bounds,
And all abroad now wildly burn'd,
Yet well could they, who loved the flame,
Its wandering, its excess reclaim;
And soon another, fairer dome
Arose to be its sacred home,
Where, cherish'd, guarded, not confin'd,
The living glory dwelt enshrined,
And, shedding lustre, strong but even,
Though born of earth, grew worthy Heaven.

MORAL.

The moral hence my Muse infers
Is—that such lords are simple elves,
In trusting to extinguishers
That are combustible themselves.

* The Spanish Patriot.
† Fire Worshippers.

Pictures of Life.

SKETCHES BY THE CAPTAIN.

THE RESCUE.

It was in the month of February, 1831, a bright moonlight night and intensely cold, that the little brig I commanded lay quietly at her anchors inside of the Hook.

We had a hard time of it, beating about for eleven days off this coast, with cutting north-easters blowing, and snow and sleet falling for the most of that time. Forward, the vessel was thickly coated with ice, and it was hard work to handle her, as the rigging and sails were stiff, and yielded only when the strength of the men was exerted to the utmost. When at length we made the port, all hands were worn down and exhausted. We could not have held out two days longer without relief.

"A bitter cold night, Mr. Larkin," I said to my mate, as I tarried for a moment on deck to finish my cigar.

The worthy Down-Easter buttoned his coat more tightly around him, looked up to the moon, and felt of his red nose before he replied—

"It's a whistler, captain, as we used to say on the Kennebeck. Nothing lives comfortable out of blankets in such a night as this."

"The tide is running out swift and strong; it will be well to keep a sharp look out for this floating ice, Mr. Larkin."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the mate, and I went below.

Two hours afterwards, I was aroused from a sound sleep, by the vigilant officer.

"Excuse me for disturbing you, captain," said he, as he detected an expression of vexation in my face, "but I wish you would turn out and come on deck as soon as possible."

"Why, what's the matter, Mr. Larkin?"

"Why, sir, I have been watching a large cake of ice that swept by at a little distance, a moment ago; I saw something black on it; something that I thought moved—the moon's under a cloud and I could not see distinctly, but so help me God, I believe there's a child floating out to sea, in this freezing night, on that cake of ice."

We were on deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out with no little difficulty, the cake of ice, floating off to the leeward, and its white glittering surface was broken by a black spot; more I could not make out.

"Get the glass, Mr. Larkin," I said, "the moon will be out of that cloud in a moment and then we can see distinctly."

I kept my eye upon the receding mass of ice, while the moon was slowly working her way through a heavy bank of clouds. The mate stood by with the glass. When the full light fell at last upon the water, with a brilliancy only known in our northern latitudes, I put the glass to my eye. One glance was enough.

"Forward, there!" I hailed at the top of my voice, and with one bound I reached the main hatch, and began to clear away the little cutter which was stowed in the ship's yawl.

Mr. Larkin had received the glass from my hand, to take a look for himself. "My God!" he said, in a whisper, as he set to work to aid me in getting out the boat—"my God, there are two children on that cake of ice!"

Two men answered my hail, and walked lazily aft. In an incredibly short space of time we launched the cutter, into which Mr. Larkin and myself jumped, followed by the two men who took the oars. I rigged the tiller, and the mate sat beside me in the stern sheets.

"Do you see that cake of ice with something black upon it, lads," I cried; "put me alongside of that, and I'll give you a bottle of rum each, to-night, and a month's extra wages when you are paid off."

The men bent to their oars, but their strokes are uneven and feeble. They were used up by the hard duty of the preceding fortnight, and though they did their best, the boat made little more way than the tide. This was a losing chase, and Mr. Larkin, who was suffering torture as he saw how little we gained, cried out,

"Pull, lads—I'll double the captain's prize; two bottles of rum and two months' pay—pull lads, for the love of God, pull!"

A convulsive effort at the oars told how willing the men were to obey, but the strength of the strong man was gone. One of the poor fellows washed us twice, in recovering his oar, and then gave out; the other was nearly as far gone. Mr. Larkin sprung forward, and seized the deserted one.

"Lay down in the bottom of the boat," said he to the man, "and captain, take the other oar; we must row for ourselves."

I took the second man's place; Larkin had stripped to his Guernsey shirt, and as he pulled the bow, I waited for the signal stroke. It came gently but firm, and the next moment we were pulling a long, steady stroke, gradually increasing in rapidity until the wood seemed to smoke in the row-locks. We kept time, each by the long deep breathing of the other. Such a pull! We bent forward until our faces almost touched our knees, and then throwing all our strength into the backward movement, drew on the oar until every inch of the space covered by the sweep had been gained. At every stroke the boat shot ahead, like an arrow discharged from a bow. Thus we worked at the oars for fifteen minutes—it seemed to me so many hours. The sweat rolled off of me in great drops, and I was enveloped in a steam generated from my own body.

"Are we almost up to it, Mr. Larkin?" I gasped out.

"Almost, captain—don't give up; for the love of our dear little ones at home, don't give up, captain."

The oars flashed as their blades turned up to the moonlight. The men who plied them were fathers, and had father's hearts; the strength which nerved them at that moment was more than human.

Suddenly Mr. Larkin ceased pulling and my heart for a moment almost stopped its beating, for the terrible thought that he had given out, crossed my mind. But I was quickly re-assured by his voice.

"Gently, captain, gently—a stroke or two more—there, that will do"—and the next moment the boat's side came in contact with something, and Larkin sprung from the boat with his heavy feet upon the ice. I started up, and calling to the men to make fast the boat to the ice, followed.

We ran to the dark spot in the centre of the mass, and found two little boys, the head of the smaller nestling in the bosom of the larger—both were fast asleep! The lethargy, which would have been fatal but for the timely rescue, had overcome them. Mr. Larkin grasped one of the lads, cut off his shoes, tore off his jacket, and then loosening his own garments to the skin, placed the chilled child in contact with his own warm body, carefully wrapping over him his great coat, which he procured from the boat. I did the same with the other child—and we then returned to the boat, and the men, now partially recovered, pulled slowly back.

The children, as we learned, when we subsequently had the delight of restoring them to their parents, were playing on the ice and had ventured on to the cake which had jammed into a bend of the river about ten miles above New York. A movement of the tide had set the ice in motion, and the little fellows were borne away on that cold night, and would have inevitably perished but for Mr. Larkin's espying them as the ice was sweeping out to sea.

"How do you feel, Mr. Larkin," I said to the mate, the morning after this adventure.

"A little stiff in the arms, captain," the noble fellow replied, while the big tears of grateful happiness gathered in his eyes—"a little stiff in the arms, captain, but very easy here," and he laid his hand on the rough chest, in which beat a true and a manly heart. My quaint, brave Down-Easter! He who lashes the seas into fury and lets loose the tempests, will care for thee. The storms may rage without, but in thy bosom peace and sunshine abide alway.—*N. Y. Despatch.*

The Moralist.

LETTERS

FROM HON. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS TO HIS SON: ON THE BIBLE AND ITS TEACHINGS.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

LETTER III.

The second general point of view, in which I propose for you to consider the Bible, to the end that it may "thoroughly furnish you unto all good works," is in the historical character.

To a man of liberal education, the study of history is not only useful, and important, but altogether indispensable, and with regard to the history contained in the Bible, the observation which Cicero makes respecting that of his own country is much more emphatically applicable, "that it is not so much praise-worthy to be acquainted with as it is shameful to be ignorant of it." History, so far as it relates to the actions and adventures of men, may be divided in five different classes. First, the history of the world, otherwise called universal history: Second, that of particular nations: Third, that of particular institutions: Fourth, that of single families: and Fifth, that of individual men. The last two of these classes are generally distinguished by the name of memoirs and biography.

All these classes of history are to be found in the Bible, and it may be worth your while to discriminate them one from another. The universal history is short, and all contained in the first eleven chapters of Genesis, together with the first chapter of the book of Chronicles, which is little more than a genealogical list of names; but it is of great importance, not only as it includes the history of the creation, of the fall of man, of the antediluvian world, and the flood by which the whole human race, (excepting Noah and his family,) were destroyed, but as it gives a very precise account of the time from the creation until the birth of Abraham. This is the foundation of the ancient history, and in reading profane historians hereafter, I would advise you to always to reflect upon their narratives with reference to it with respect to the chronology. A correct idea of this is so necessary to understand all history, ancient and modern, that I may hereafter write you something farther concerning it; for the present I shall only recommend to your particular attention the fifth and eleventh chapters of Genesis, and request you to cast up and write me the amount of the age of the world when Abraham was born.

The remainder of the book of Genesis, beginning at the 12th Chapter, is a history of one individual (Abraham) and his family, during three generations of his descendants, after which the book of Exodus commences with the history of the same family, multiplied into a nation; this national and family history is continued through the books of the Old Testament until that of Job, which is of a peculiar character, differing in many particulars from every other part of the Scriptures. There is no other history extant which can give so interesting and correct view of the rise and progress of human associations as this account of Abraham and his descendants, through all the vicissitudes to which individuals, families and nations are liable. There is no other history, where the origin of a whole nation is traced up to a single man, and where a connected train of events, and a regular series of persons from generation to generation is preserved.—As the history of a family, it is intimately connected with our religious principles and opinions, for it is the family from which (in His human character) Jesus Christ descended. It begins by relating the commands of God to Abraham to abandon his country, his kindred, and his father's house, and go to a land which He would show him. This command was accompanied by two promises, from which, and from their fulfilment, arose the differences which I have just noticed between the history of the Jews, and that of every other nation.

The first of these promises was "That God would make Abraham a great nation, and bless him;" the second, and incomparably the most important one was, that "in Him all the families of the earth should be blessed." This promise was made about two thousand years before the birth of Christ, and in Him had its fulfilment. When Abraham, in obedience to the command of God, had gone into the land of Canaan, the Lord appeared unto him and made him a third promise, which was that he should give that land to a nation which should descend from him, as a possession; this was fulfilled between five and six hundred years afterward. In reading all the historical books of both the Old and New Testaments, as well as the books of the Prophets, you should always to bear in mind the reference which they have to these three promises of God to Abraham. All the history is no more than a narrative of the particular manner, and the detail of events by which those promises were fulfilled.

In the account of the creation, and the fall of man, I have already remarked that the moral doctrine inculcated by the Bible is, that the great consummation of all human virtue consists in obedience to the will of God. When we come hereafter to speak of the Bible in its ethical character, I shall endeavor to show you the intrinsic excellence of this principle; but I shall now only remark how strongly the principle itself is illustrated, first in the account of the fall, and next by the history of Abraham. In the account of the creation we are informed that God, after having made the world, created the first human pair, and "gave them dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." He gave them also "every herb bearing seed, and the fruit of every tree for meat;" all this we are told "God saw was very good."

Thus the immediate possession of everything was given them, and its perpetual enjoyment secured to their descendants, on condition of abstaining from the "fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil." It is altogether immaterial to my present remarks whether the narrative is to be understood in a literal or allegorical sense, as not only the knowledge, but the possession of created good was granted; the fruit of the tree, could confer upon them no knowledge but that of evil, and the command was nothing more than to abstain from that knowledge—to forbear from rushing upon their own destruction.

It is not sufficient to say, "that this was a command in its own nature light and easy; it was a command to pursue the only law of their nature, to keep the happiness that had been heaped upon them without measure; but observe—it contained the principle of obedience—it was assigned to them as a duty—and the heaviest of penalties was denounced upon its transgression. They were not to discuss the wisdom or justice of this command; they were not to inquire why it had been forced upon them, nor could they have the slightest possible motive for the inquiry; unqualified felicity and immortality were already theirs; wretchedness and death were alone forbidden them, but placed within their reach as merely trials of their obedience. They violated the law; they forfeited their joy and immortality; they "brought into the world, death and all our woe."

Here, then, is an extreme case in which the mere principle of obedience could be tried—a command to abstain from that from which every motive of reason and interest would have deterred had the command never been given—a command given in the easiest of all possible forms, requiring not so much as an action of any kind, but merely forbearance; and its transgression was so severely punished, that the only inference we can draw from it is, that the most aggravated of all crimes, and that which includes in itself all others, is disobedience to the will of God. Let us now consider how the principle of obedience is inculcated in the history of Abraham, by a case in the opposite extreme. God commanded Abraham to abandon forever his country, his kindred and his father's house, to go, he knew not where; promising, as a reward of his obedience, to bless him and his posterity, though he was then childless; he was required to renounce everything that could most contribute to the happiness and comfort of his life, and which was in his actual enjoyment; to become a houseless, friendless, wanderer upon the earth, on the mere faith of the promise that a land should be shown him which his descendants should possess—that they should be a great nation—and that through them all mankind should receive in future ages a blessing.

The obedience required of Adam was merely to retain all the blessings he enjoyed; the obedience of Abraham was to sacrifice all that he possessed for the vague and distant prospect of a future compensation to his posterity; the self-control and self-denial required of Adam, were in themselves the slightest that imagination can conceive,—but its failure was punished by the forfeiture of all his enjoyments; the self-dominion to be exercised by Abraham was of the most painful kind—but its accomplishment will be ultimately rewarded by the restoration of all that was forfeited by Adam.

This restoration, however, was to be obtained by no ordinary proof of obedience; the sacrifice of mere personal blessings, however great, could not lay the foundation for the redemption of mankind from death; the voluntary submission of Jesus Christ to his own death, in the most excruciating and ignominious form, was to consummate the great plan of redemption, but the submission of Abraham to sacrifice his beloved and only son Isaac—the child promised by God himself, and through whom all the greater promises were to be carried into effect, the feelings of nature, the parent's bowels, were all required to be sacrificed by Abraham to the blind, unquestioning principle of obedience to the will of God. The blood of Isaac was not indeed shed—the butchery of an only son by the hand of his father, was a sacrifice which a merciful God did not require to be completely executed; but as an instance of obedience it was imposed upon Abraham, and nothing less than the voice of an angel from Heaven could arrest his uplifted arm, and withhold him from sheathing his knife in the heart of his child. It was upon this testimonial of obedience that God's promise of redemption was expressly renewed to Abraham:—"In thy seed shall all of the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice."—Gen. xxii. 18.

From your affectionate Father,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

HYMN.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Lord of all worlds, let thanks and praise
To Thee forever fill my soul;
With blessings Thou hast crown'd my days,—
My heart, my head, my hand control
Oh, let no vain presumptions rise,
No impious murmur in my heart,
To crave the boon Thy will denies,
Or shrink from all Thy hands impart

Thy child am I, and not an hour,
Revolving to the orbs above,
But brings some token of Thy power,
But brings some token of Thy love:
And shall this bosom dare repine,
In darkness dare deny the dawn,
Or spurn the treasures of the mine,
Because one diamond is withdrawn?

The fool denies, the fool alone,
Thy being, Lord, and boundless might,
Denies the firmament, Thy throne
Denies the sun's meridian light;
Denies the fashion of his frame,
The voice he hears, the breath he draws;
Oh, idiot Atheist! to proclaim
Effects unnumbered without cause!

Matter and mind, Mysterious One,
Are man's for three-score years and ten
Where, ere the thread of life was spun?
Where, when reduced to dust again?
All-seeing God, the doubt suppress:
The doubt Thou only canst relieve:
My soul Thy Saviour-son shall bless,
Fly to Thy gospel, and believe.

Wit and Humor.

HERO AND NERO.

We were much amused yesterday at a dispute between an English cockney and an American, at the corner of Third and Main streets, touching the merits of General Jackson, as a soldier and a statesman. The Englishman, fresh from the "fast anchored isles," had not yet lost the national habit of prefixing the vowel with an h, and of discarding the letter in its proper place. The American, it appeared, was a stout defender and warm admirer of the "Old Roman," and set him forth as the greatest man of the age.

"Sir," said the cockney, "no one will deny that 'e was an 'ero."

"A Nero, sir!" exclaimed the other, his face coloring and his eyes flashing fire. "Dare you place General Jackson in comparison with the bloody Roman butcher—a fellow who murdered his own mother, and played upon the harp and sang while Rome howled with the shrieks of innocence and glared in the flames that were kindled by his own hands?"

"You mistake," said the Englishman. "I said he was an 'ero."

"So you did; and you're a liar, sir."

A fight would have ensued, had not a third party interfered and explained that the cockney had no reference to the Roman Emperor of despicable memory, but had merely tried to say that the General was a hero.

AID TO FRANCE.

A long-haired, long-nosed youth, "piping hot and mad with haste," rushed into the counting-room of one of our most extensive shipping merchants, on Sunday afternoon last, when the following dialogue took place—

"Any ships sailing for France this afternoon, Mister?"

"No."

"Any to-morrow?"

"No."

"Or the next day?"

"No."

"Why, don't you send ships to all parts of the world?"

"Yes; but we seldom send ships to France."

"Well, I am bound to go to France anyhow, and I shan't wait another day."

"What is taking you to France in such a hurry?"

"You see the war with Mexico is over, and as I cannot get any thing more to do in that quarter, I am going over to help the French to get a republic!"

"Do you speak French?"

"What do I want to speak French for? I am going to fight, and not to talk." And with that, the warlike ally of the Gauls left the office, determined to take passage on the first vessel for France "any how."—*Evening Bulletin.*

ELOQUENCE.

"Feller citizens," said a candidate on the stump for the Legislature, "I am a candydate for the Legislator, and as all good republicans should do, I will give you my views of matters and things in general. The generality of mankind in general, generally speaking, are most generally in favor of republicanism, and so am I. I am also in favor of a liberal appropriation of the public funds for building bridges. I am also in favor of a most liberal expropriation of the fonds for the profane assilum. I am in favor of expropriating money for the gineral scattering of the scripters. Yes, feller cityzens, these is my convictions, and if there is no chicanery (chicanery) used in the election, I am bound to be elected to the Legislator."

THE LETTERS.

Why is the letter *n* a most uncertain letter? Because it is always in doubt.

And why is the letter *c* never in doubt? Because it is always in-debitable.

Why is the letter *e* a lazy and extravagant letter? Because it is always in bed and never out of debt.

And why is the letter *e* a most desirable letter? Because it is essential to ease, pleasure and happiness.

When may the letter *e* be looked on as a dead letter? When it is in death.

When is the letter *n* most flurried? When it is in confusion.

A LETTER.—The following from a gardener to his master, is so ingeniously out of all rule, that an explanation is added—

Honored Sir,—My wif and I have taken the Inn from Winsor. Jonny Cedar has lost her head, the rest of the scrubs are all well. The oxen are come down to praise the gods. From your humble servant, &c.

What he meant to say was as follows—

Honored Sir—My wife and I have taken the influenza. The Virginia Cedar has lost his head; the rest of the shrubs are all well. The auctioneer came down to appraise the goods.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

[This celebrated monody was written by the Rev. Charles Wolfe, and has generally been considered his chief title to the name of poet. His claim to the original conception of the piece has been disputed; and a French poem, in which every idea of the monody by Wolfe is contained, has been published, with the assertion that it was produced prior to the English monody. We have never seen any evidence, however, sufficient to satisfy us that the French verses are not a translation of Wolfe's. We are indebted for the above illustrative engraving to Zieber & Co.'s "Songs for the people."]

I.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where the hero we buried.
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The turf with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lanterns dimly burning.

II.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And bitterly thought on the morrow.
No useless coffin confined his breast;
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him—
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him!

III.

We thought, as we heap'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But nothing we'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

IV.

But half our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour of retiring;
And we heard, by the distant and random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory—
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory!

A LOVE LETTER.

[A Buckeye girl writes to her "true lover" in Mexico, a long letter, closing with a verse of poetry. She feels bad:]

To think that you are gone so far
A fasing cannons & guns & if a bal it hits you
I know you can no more return
but if this should your fortune bee & you come
here no more I hope we'll meet on yonder shore
where we shall part no more
for about here menny men I sea
and menny dus sea me but mong them all
I cant be pleest like I was pleest with thee.

DEFINITIONS.

ABSURDITY.—Anything advanced by our opponents, contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.

ANTIQUITY.—Is the young miscreant who massacred prisoners taken in war, sacrificed human beings to idols, burnt them in Smithfield, as heretics or witches, believed in astrology, demonology witchcraft, and every exploded folly and enormity, although his example be still greatly urged as a rule of conduct, and a standing argument against any improvement upon "the wisdom of our ancestors."

CELIBACY.—A vow by which the priests of some countries swear to content themselves with the wives of other people.

COFFIN.—The cradle where our second childhood is laid asleep.

DOCTOR.—One whose business is, according to Voltaire, to pour physic, of which he knows little, into a body of which he knows less.

FROWN.—Writing the confession of a bad passion with an eyebrow.

LONGEVITY.—Adding a few years to the wrong end of life, and surviving one's self.

LOVER.—One who, in his desire to obtain possession of another, has lost possession of himself.

MARRIAGE.—Taking a yoke-fellow, who may lighten the burden of existence, if you pull together—or may render it insupportable, if you drag different ways.

"A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS."

A printer of Gotham had an account against the keeper of a public house, which he had long and hopelessly tried to collect. At last he sued his debtor and obtained a judgment. Some friends laughed at his folly in thus throwing good money after bad, when the debtor was irresponsible.

"Never mind," says Typo, "I will raise something." The execution was placed in the hands of an officer; and one day, the landlord, to his surprise and indignation, found *his day's marketing levied upon.* This brought matters to a crisis, and the money was paid. But, upon his remonstrating with his creditor at such an unheard of, not to say ungentlemanly, way of doing business, the only consolation he received was the reply:—"Well, I think you ought to be well satisfied that I did not levy upon your dinner *after it was cooked.*"—*Spirit of the Times.*

A BARGAIN.—"We heard an anecdote the other day that we thought admirably illustrated the 'language of dicker,' in Yankee-land.

"'How far is it to New Haven?' asked a traveller of a toll-gate keeper, on the Bridgeport road.

"'Fifteen miles,' was the answer.

"'Oh, no, it can't be so much, can it? I was told, a mile or so back, that it was but twelve miles from this gate.'

"'Well,' said the toll-gatherer, hesitating,—'w-e-l-l, you *can take it at twelve,* but I can't let any body else go over it short of fifteen, and I never have!' It 'was a bargain,' and the traveller [illegible]

[illegible]

play the emotion of pity, or sympathy, has been made use of in Spain, in a still more remarkable manner.

It was once the custom in Madrid, and other chief cities of Spain, for large companies of people, who called themselves disciplants or whippers, to form a procession through the public streets, every Good Friday, attended by the religious orders, courts of law, and sometimes by the Royal Court. The whippers were arrayed in high sugar loaf hats, white gloves and shoes, and waistcoats with ribons of the colors preferred by the mistresses of their affections, and were armed with whips of small cords to the end of which were fastened bits of wax, in which were inserted pieces of glass. The whole city, and especially the ladies were spectators of this procession, and as it passed along, he who whipped himself hardest felt sure of winning the favor of his Dulcinea. When they went past a beautiful woman, some one was sure to whip himself in such a manner as to sprinkle her with his blood, an honor for which she returned suitable acknowledgments; and when any lover of this train passed the window where his mistress was sitting, he began to lay on the whip with redoubled [illegible]

BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

[illegible]

MEXICO.

BY CASSIUS M. CLAY.

[illegible]

SPONGE CAKE.

[illegible]

POUND CAKE.

[illegible]

SUGAR JUMBLES.

[illegible]

THE PAID BILL.

A BALLAD OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

[illegible]

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE.

[illegible]

"GREEN CROPS ROTATION."

[illegible]

COMMON THINGS.

[illegible]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

[illegible]

CLOVER.

[illegible]

"LICE ON CATTLE."

[illegible]

CORN.

[illegible]

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

[illegible]

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

CHARADE.

[illegible]

RIDDLE.

[illegible]

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

[illegible]

ORIGINAL CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]

Selected Articles.

COURTSHIP.

[illegible]

INTERESTING FACTS, &C.

[illegible]

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

[illegible]

MORTALITY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

[illegible]

For Housekeepers.

OLD SCRAPS FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

[illegible]

The Olio.

THE CUTLER'S LAMENT.

[illegible]